

THE
Poor Schola r.
A
COMEDY.

Written by Robert Nevile, Fellow
of Kings Colledge in
CAMBRIDGE.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
Hor. de Art. Poet.

LONDON:

Printed by Tho. Johnson, for Francis Kirkman, and Henry Marfb;
and are to be sold at their shop, at the Princes Arms in
Chancery-lane. 1662.

THE

Poor Scholars

Lib.
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COMEDY

of King Charles
the First

by William Shakespeare

1606

Printed by I. Iaggard, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, London.

To his ingenuous Friend; upon his
Play call'd, *The Poor Scholar*.

THe Roy of Macedon th t wept out-right,
Fronk to drown his famous Stag yrite,
Because like Thetis warlike issue, he
No Homer had to write his life & re.
Mistook his aim, for had his wish obtain'd
With th' easie Co'ss, his action had been stain'd;
His Life had been Roman: and he been made
Some errant Knight of the Enchanted Blade.
Poets Sub, rall, whilst they would Multiply,
There's nor d'spraise like an Hyperbole.
This thus premised, I may prove at last
Because no Poet, The Encomiast.
Others may over-praise thy Book, (for we
The best things often over-rated see)
My careless Phrase and words that lie neglected,
This virtue have, that they'll not be suspected.
So what I Write will equi distant lye
From polish'd Wit, and servile Flattery.
Bees from a bruise dox, say's Maro, breed,
But thou draw'st honey from a bitter weed.
Seeing thy Wit's so pure, thy Phrase so clean,
Thy sense so weighty, that each Line's a Scene,
We'l change the Song, and cry as truly too
Whither may not this thy Poor Scholar go?
This fault the best nor'd Criticks only smell
That thy Poor Scholar is attir'd too well.
Ben's Auditors were once in such a mood,
That he was forc't to swear his Play was good;
Thy Play then his doth far more currant go,
For without swearing, we'l beleve thine so.

E.M.

To my friend Mr. R. N. on his excellent Play,
The Poor Scholar.

L Et thy poor Scholar now no longer wait
For thy probation to be Graduate,
Let him commence Master of's Art; for he
Ha's kept his Acts in Wits Academy.

T. L.

To my very good friend, upon his excellent Play, call'd,
The Poor Scholar.

Fill'd with rich fancy, golden Eloquence,
This thy (*Poor Scholar*) can have no pretence
To plead that he is *poor*, let those complain
Rather of poverty, whose empty Brain
Measures its slow-pac't fancies by the glass,
And when 't has serv'd 'um out can't make 'um pass
For current Wit, but are adulterate :
And such as flow from every Common pate ;
But when the Ventricles of thy pregnant Brain,
Give birth to such an issue without pain,
And it in ten days space can wholly vent,
Nor force thee bite thy fingers excrement,
Like some dull Animals, whose barren seed
(Like Womens) nine moneths space requires to breed
Some poor Abortive Birth that dreads the light,
And fears to be expos'd to publick sight)
Thy play (like a young true born Eagle) may
Behold the Sun in publick at Noon day.

W. W.

Dram-

Drammatis Personæ.

E*ugenēs Senior*, Uncle to *Eugenēs Junior*; and President of the Colledge, a very passionate man, although a Clergy man.

Eugenēs Junior, the Poor Scholar.

Eugenēs junior's Father; a Citizen.

Demosthenes, Tutor to *Eugenēs Junior*.

Pege, a yong student, Chamber-fellow to *Eugenēs junior*, a Woman-hater.

Philos, a friend to *Eugenēs Senior*, and one that discover'd his Nephews rambles to him, a Fellow of the same Colledge.

Aphobos, a mād Rakel, afterwards married to *Anaiskuntia*.

Eutrapelus, a quibbling fellow of *Eugenēs junior's* acquaintance.

Morphe, a beautiful Lady, but of a low fortune, to whom *Eugenēs junior* was a servant.

Anaiskuntia her Maid, an impudent scoffing Lass, to whom *Aphobos* was a servant.

Eugeneia, sister to *Eugenēs junior*, and courted by *Eutrapelus*.

Hyperphantia her maid, a proud wench, and a great hater of men.

Two Schollars.

Three Fellows of the Colledge.

The

The Prologue to be Spoken by *Engenes Junior*, the
Poor Scholar

WHAT? have our City Wits be n'wells? that they
Of late a'n't able to write a Play?
Or rather (troubl'd With Feares, Quaking Fits)
Is London frighted out of all its Wits
By the Phanatick Crews late Insurrection?
Or have they be n' molested with th' infection
Of the dull City air? With Which the r' brains
Perhaps do sympathize, and take more paines
Now to produce a Play, then Randolphs Quill
Wou'd have requir'd the Theater so fill;
Have London nits drank down some dead'y pos'on?
Are onely Academick Wits in motion?
Must Genus, Species, Which of you Were Won't
To wadge a foot, at last be forc'd to mount
The Muses' Pegasus? then I'll spur on
And ride a Scholars pace from Helicon
To th' City Theater, and humbly beg
Your courteous audience With a scrape, or leg,
(Though't be but Scholar-like perform'd,) and dare
My wants i th' hearing of you all declare,
I'll tell you, that I hope you are not so
Cruel, as to let Wit a begging go,
And that, if you'll grant me your approbation
I shall be richer then the Indian Nation.

THE

THE
POOR SCHOLAR.
ACT. I. SCENE 1.

Eugenes Jun. and Pege.

Fig. J. **H**OW now *Pege*, dost not think I was possess'd
With a Prophetick spirit, and spake as infallibly
As an Oracle? When I told thee
That were I never so exact a Chymist,
I could not extract one graine of gold out of
My fathers coffers: he graspes his coine as fast
As drowning men do those on whom they fix their clutches
When they're the third time sinking:
Thy aid I prithe; what Engine? what stratagem
Shall I use to open the floodgates of his Liberality?
For (as I am a Scholar and a poor one)
My empty pockets no less require a flash
From th' golden Tagus of his wealth,
Then the most heavy-loaded Barge at
Lowest water; there's no danger that my pockets
Should prodigally overflow their bancks,
I having not wherewithal I may procure
A competency of liquor to fill an Arch
Of my least hollow tooth, or wet my whistle.

Pege. What will thy aged father neither vouchsafe
To shine upon thee with a golden ray,
Or water thee with a golden showre?
What neither rain nor sun-shine?
Then certainly thou canst not but be barren:
And thy pockets must necessarily be as dry
As thy old fathers quite-exhausted bones:

What

The Poor Schoolr,

What does he sordidly engross all his revenues
To himself? if so, he does deserve
To have's gray beard puckt for its silver hairs,
As geese are puckt by school-boys for their quills.

Eug. Jun. O *Pege*; there's thunder in the name of Father:
He trembl'd lest that stole *Joves* golden Scepter,
And scrap'd the ivory thigh of *Hercules*
Arm'd with his club, then I, when I but spend
A thought on so unnatural an act, as to prophane
The silver shrine of those gray hairs,
Whose very age gives them a title to respect and reverence.

Pege. If you'll stand forsooth, upon nice points
Of Religion, you may still continue as poor
As one o'th Mendicant Friars, and like an Anchorite
Live and die under a ruin'd and demolisht-wal;
And for want of coine to pay the Sexton,
Be forc'd to dig your grave with (Natures Mathookes)
Your long nails.

Eugen. J. Ah *Pege*, I'de rather dye in some remote
And solitary desert; and have no other grave,
Then what the pitiful and tender hearted bird
(With the red Stomacher) is wont to give us;
(Which is no other then a mass of leaves heap'd
On a carcase) then bury the remembrance of
Reverence and Duty to a Father.

Pege. Thou hast a noble spirit (*Eugenies*) and I'm
Induc'd to think, that (like *Jove* on *Danae*)
Some noble Deity descended on thy mother,
And having given earnest for thy birth in drams
Of heavenly pleasure, retir'd again to th' spangled
Canopy; could such a noble branch as thy brave self
Spring from (that root of evil) Avarice?
So open and liberal a hand as thine, consist of
The same flesh and blood, as thy close-fisted and
Tenacious father? it seems to me a Prodigy in nature.

Eug. Jun. Father? ——— sighs
I dare as soon (like those accursed sons of

Earth,

The Poor Scholar.

Earth the giants) plot and imagine treason
Against heaven, as let the smallest ventricle of my
Heart conceive one thought of disobedience to my
Father ! let me conjure thee therefore by the sacred tie
Of our unfeigned amity and friendship, ne're for the future
To mention my dearest fathers sacred name
But with some swelling titles of dignity and honor.

Pege. As hee's thy father (*Noble Eugenes*)
Hee's worthy to be deify'd and ador'd, I could not
Safer erre in any Labyrinth, then when I lost
My self in his deserv'd Encomiums, but if's
Relation to thee be forgotten, I must and will
Forget to tender him respect and reverence :
But we must cut the thread of this discourse,
For here comes merry *Eutrapelus* ; let us indulge
Our selves in jovial mirth, and make enquiry
What entertainment *Eugeneia* was pleas'd t' afford
His courtship. God save you *Enter Eutrapelus.*
Merry Eutrapelus.

Eutrap. Your servant *Pege* ; your vassal also noble *Eugenes*,
I have been laying close siege to the noble *Eugeneia*,
But (by *Venus*'s happy Region the Middle) all
The flashes of my sparkling wit can't burn the fort of her
Strong resolutions against Marriage, she takes of nothing
Else but Nunneries, of *Vestaes* sacred order, and wishes
That all men (like *Cybele's* priests) were
Castrated and guelt, she's another *Lucretia*
For her squeamish coyness, and I'm afraid
Shee'l sooner stab her self then let me
Pass a thrust upon her.

Eug. Jun. Why ? are you so well arm'd and accoustr'd
Eutrapelus , that you talk of passing a thrust ?

Eutrapel. I have as good a mettall'd dagger as that
Which youthful *Paris* us'd to stab his *Helena*,
When *Venus* promis'd him her best assistance ;
And (like *Achille's* Spear) it does no sooner
Wound a Lady, but 't can as speedily perform the cure ;

B

I have

The Poor Scholar.

I have obtain'd a licence to wound yong Ladies
(As Mountebanckes do their servants)
To make experiment of my art, of curing
Them again with my so famous Weapon-salve.

Pege. Now you talk of Mountebankes, I shrowdly suspect
You're a Mountebank, and promise greater cures
Then your abilities will suffer you to perform.

Eutrapel. I am not a Mountebank in your sense (*Pege,*)
But I wish I were in another; and that I
Might Mount the Banks of *Eugenia's* pleasant
River, and yet I think were I upon the banks
I quickly should fall in, and were I but well in,
She could not fall out with me, were she
More squeamish then she is.

Eug. Jun. Well, since you must needs be riding,
I'll back your mare, I'll make her pliant
And gentle for your turn; I'll muster up
All the inducements and arguments I can,
To make her grant you a fair
And courteous audience, Ile sound the trumpet
Of your loud merits in her ear, and so
Blazon the coat of your noble extraction and descent,
That she (as *Bucephalus* would admit of
No rider but *Alexander*) shall suffer none
To ride her but your self.

Eutrapel. Prithee then be speedy, for I'm in such hast
That I could willingly rid Post upon her,
Which till you have accomplisht, farewell. *Exit Eutrapelus.*

Eug. Jun. Being he talks of riding Post, I hope my
Sister (if he marry her) will create him a
Cuckold, and give him a Horn or two to blow.
But here comes my unckle with my tutout;
Be you gone *Pege.*

Exit Pege.

And I'll retire behind the hangings, and hear
What commentaries they'll write upon my actions.

Act.

ACT. I. SCENE 2.

Enter Eugenius senior, Demosthenes.

Eug. Sen. **D**Id ever *Africa* produce so strange a monster
As my ungrateful Nephew? he is ingratitude
In the abstract; I brought him to the Colledge
Thinking withal to bring him to my lure,
And that hee'd readily perform what I enjoy'd him;
But since his most unfortunate arrival,
Obedience to me is his smallest care;
He performs my commands with the same willingness
As heavy Bodies move from their own center,
Or malefactors go to execution.

Demosthen. I am dissolv'd in admiration at this news,
For unto my commands he has been all obedience;
I never read to Pupil yet which did receive the
Dictates I intill'd into him with a more facile
Promptness; what? has a got a pair of faces?
Does one frown upon you with a contracted
Supercilious brow? the other smile on me
With a benigne and more placid aspect?
Is he made up of contradictions? this sursets
My weak faith; I can't digest and thoroughly
Concoct into a firm belief such strange impossibilities as these.

Eug. Sen. Impossibilities? you'le then maintain him in's
Rebellion, will you?

Demosth. You must remember (Sir) that youthful blood
Is hot and fiery, and if you will be peevish
And morose, and (Touch wood-like) receive ill
Sparks of discontent it offers, you'l quickly be
Reduc'd (to th' worst of ills) Annihilation,
And burnt to dust and ashes.

Eug. Sen. Though youthful blood be hot,
Yet it must be allay'd and cool'd by snowy age;
And those of elder years ought to restrain

The Poor Scholar.

It's violent and impetuous course.

Demosth. I, but with this caution and proviso,
That the restraint be not unseasonable :
Tis a receiv'd opinion among Anatomists,
That the ligature and binding of a member
If seasonably apply'd, preserves the heart
From violent influxes of the blood;
But if the application be untimely, it causes
Gangrenes and Hæmorrhagies ;
So youthful blood if checkt unseasonably,
Becomes more insolent and impetuous, more vitiated and
Corrupt, then if its natural course had not been hinder'd ;
The age of youth is the strong Rein of
Passion, and vice does ride in triumph
Upon the wheelles of vehement desire,
Which run with infinite celerity
When the Boy drives the chariot,
They can't be stopped on a suddain,
Art and deliberation must be us'd.

Eug. Sen. I think you've enter'd a league with
Your pupil to abet him in debauchery,
And cloke his lewdness and wild rogueries ;
I am resolv'd t' acquaint his father that
You rescue and protect him from my just
Rage, you are his sanctuary and Asylum.

Demosth. Could you but view your self now in
Aglafs, and see how you're transform'd into
A horrid monster, how your lips shake and
Tremble, your veins and arteries swell
With th' inflammations of your furious blood,
And your eyes sparkle as if they were
The onely seat of fire, and at each glance
Would start a Salamander by their
Excessive heat ; you would not (like *Narcissus*)
Be in the least transported with the love
Of your own person, but rather (like *Astæon*)
Stand amazed, when you perceive your self

The Poor Scholar.

Transform'd into a beast by Passion;
You would I'm sure abhorre and hate your
Self, worse then you do or can your
Nephew, pray then by patient.

Eug. Sen. I'll make patience as great a stranger
To my breast a a a as ——— *He stammers and can go no further*

Eug. Jun. aside. To your breast a, a, a, as goodness
For I never discover'd any in it yet:

Eug. Sen. O, now I have recover'd my lost senses,
I mean I'll make patience as great a stranger
To my breast, as I resolve to make my Nephew to my love.

Eug. Jun. aside. A Pox choak you, ha' you hit it at last?

Demosth. O groundless and inveterate Hatred!

Eug. Sen. Groundless? Groundless? are these the precepts
Of morality you intill into him? to teach him
How to be rebellious? I'm sorry I so much
Disparag'd my own judgement as to commit him
To your care and charge: could you by
Th' clue of truth dive into all his winding
Labyrinths of impiety, you'd think him a worse
Monster then the inhumane Minotaur,
And hire another *Thesew* to destroy him;
You'd wish your self all arm and weapon
To cut him off: Ha you rogue! *Eugenes Junior discover'd peeping.*
What? a secret auditor of our
Discourse? an Evesdropper? you see my Short-hand
Can sufficiently write your Character,
You've heard your own.

Eugenes Junior enters.

Eug. Jun. Reverend and worthy Sir, *Turning to Demosth-
henes his tutor.*
It may perhaps seem strange to you that
Having a relation so near (I wish I could say
Dear) unto me as an uncle present, I should
Address my self first unto you;
But (Sir) hee's so deform'd and strangely alter'd
By his brutish passion, that I forget he is my
Uncle, he makes me of *Pythagoras*'s Sect,
And firmly to believe the souls of Brutes

Do

The Poor Scholar.

Do by a transmigration animate and inform
Our human bodies, as oft as I reflect upon
His fierce and savage nature.

Demosthenes. But I should have entertain'd better thoughts
Of you, my *Eugenes*, had you first attempted
To pacify your uncle, it may be though you now
Stinck in his thoughts worse then your excrement
Would do in's nose, and your memorial be to him
As odious as swines flesh to a Jew, yet by
Your flowers of Rhetorick you might have
Seemed sweet again and pleasant.

Eug. Jun. I had as good go court the air, or plow the sand,
Sweet smells will make his head ake,
And flowers of Rhetoricke would to him be
As offensive as perfumes are to those who are
Affected with fits of the Mother.

Eug. Sen. Sirrah, for this your malepert and sawcy
Language, I'll make you troubl'd with fits
Of the father, I'll lay your close and secret
Vices as open to him as is the Sun in's high
Meridian at Noonday.

Demosth. Young *Eugenes*, I plainly see that you're become
So odious to your Uncle, that if you do but speak
Or breath in's presence, you'll kindle and enflame
His hottest fury, wherefore avoid the room.

Eug. Jun. I willingly submit to your commands. *Exit.*

Eug. Sen. Could one blast of your mouth blow him away?
I might have spent my lungs and sworn at him
These two hours to be gone, and all in vain;
And at one small entreaty from your lips
He vanishes, and flies like lightning.

Demosth. My charity prompts me (Sir) to think that
He so far resembles heaven, as rather to be
Conquered by prayers then full-mouth'd oaths,
You must use soft and downy words, if you
Would break his flinty heart; I know him well.

Eug. Sen. I wish hee'd know himself so well, or if he went,
That

The Poor Scholar.

That I had never known him.

Demost. Well, I'll go and list him thoroughly,
I'll refine him I warrant you, and new mold him. (*Exeunt both*
Eug. Sch. Pray use your best endeavors, and adieu. (*severally*)

ACT. I. SCENE 3.

Morphe, Anaiskuntia, Eugenies Junior.

Morphe. I Wonder *Anaiskuntia*, that *Eugenies* has been
So great a stranger to us.

Anaisk. Madam, you must think, that Scholars are as
Fickle and unconstant in reading Ladies faces,
As their bookes, they scarce have half perused one
But they make scrutiny and enquiry after others,
They seldom write one style, one language, long.
They court Variety (the mother of Delight)
As travellers that resolve to put a girdle about
The world, after they've view'd one fair
And amiable place, pass to another: So Scholars after they've
cast a slight and transparent glance on some transcendent face
And orient Beauty, pass on unto another;
They would have as many Ladies to exercise
Their Courtship on, as there are moneths; nay
Weekes i'th' Almanack; and if a Lady would
Give them content and satisfaction, she must be forc'd
To change her face, as often as the Moon does hers;
They are delighted with the newest bookes,
And chiefly, when they are in Sheetes,
And till they first write in them, they'll never
Binde 'um to themselves in Matrimony (that excellent Cover)
For Lusts deep characters and impressions.

Mor. Fie upon you! does this discourse
Become one of your Sex?

Anaisk. Of my Sex Madam? that's a frivolous question:
I know all Scholars humours as well as the
Best Landress of 'um all, I know 'um as well

As

The Poor Scholar.

As woman can know a man.

Mor. How Impudence? you'le confess your self

A common prostitute presently? why wa'nt

You har'd (according to some Colledge statutes)

To purge the Students reins?

Anaisk. Nay Madam, hold me excused there,

Your Commentaries on my words transgress the bounds of

Charity: for where I say I know 'um; I mean this cneely,

That they'le take cognizance and notice of me,

Salute, embrace me when I meet 'um.

Mor. You're in your old Bawdy tune again.

Anaisk. You are too waggish Madam, and by too foul
Interpretations of my words, stain my unspotted innocence,
When I vaunt, they'le embrace me

My meaning's, this; they'le kiss, and a-la-mode

Take me by 'th' hand: and if a sorry kiss be

Thought sufficient to christen women whores,

They'd curse their Destinies; and (as I've

Heard some Scholars curse *Augustus* for

Publishing an Edict against kissing,

So should I those who dare denominate all

As common strumpets, who'le kiss as close as

Cockles: you justly therefore may be tax'd

With indiscretion for catching at my words,

For words they are but wind, and those that

Think to grasp the wind, you know the

Proverb nominates indiscreet.

Mor. I'm sure the Sages of the world thought otherwise,

When they prescrib'd us this experienc'd Axiom:

A Bird is known by th' tune, a Beagle by

His mouth, Man by his words;

A stinking breath is not a surer symptom

Of putred lungs, then an obscene tongue of an

Impure heart, 'twere better that clock (thy tongue)

Would never strike, except it were to better purpose,

Then to excite and raise thy lusts; 'twere more

Expedient that clapper should stand still, then

Eccho

The Poor Scholar.

Eccho forth such sounds, which grate
All neighboring ears ; I prichee let it rather (like the
Curfew Bell) warn thee to smother all the
Sparks of fiery lust ; be silent, here's *Eugenes*,
Sure tis his tread : how now *Eugenes* ! *Enter Eugenes jun.*
What new object have you found out of late to fix your
Eyes upon, that you so seldom deign to visit us ?

Eug. jun. Madam, I thank my stars I am not yet so barren,
But I can coin i' th' mintage of my brain a plausible
Excuse, and make it pass for currant, by stamping
It with th' impress of your divine Effigies ;
I thought my self not Eagle-ey'd enough oft to
Contemplate so bright a Sun ; and though I often
Threaten'd you many visits, I was too much a
Coward in my own thoughts to stand to what I had
Determin'd, and not prove an apostate from my resolutions.

Mor. Fie *Eugenes* ! you speak too Scholar-like,
I mean, you use too high Hyperbole's, to which
My merits can bear no proportion :
This too much favours of complement and flattery.

Eug. jun. Madam, your merits are too high for me to
Take their true and exact Altitude,
I'm not Astronomer good enough to doe't.

Mor. But *Eugenes*, pray' give me leave to turn Critick,
And carp at your expressions ; your plea you made
For your long absence from me was thus usher'd in ;
You did pretend you dar'd not frequently
Contemplate me, because I was too bright a Sun ;
Tis strange methinks ; for had you thought me so,
You would have supplicated and humbly requested
Me to shine upon you with a benign smiling
Influence, and if I should be maskt or hooded,
You'd pray me to disperse those sable clouds
With my bright rayes, that you might see your long
Desired Sun, and then you'd solemnly protest,
That I create bright days when I appear

The Poor Scholar.

With beames displayed in your Hemisphere.

Eug. jun. Madam, since you are pleas'd to censure me
As a delinquent, I am content to stand to
Your determinations; but yet my error is so
Sweet and pleasing to me, that I must court it
And continue in it, and as before I nominated
You my Bright and glorious Sun, now (Persian-like)
I will adore your beauties orient splendour:
And as those Persians did consecrate and sacrifice
A horse unto their Sun. —

Anaisk. aside. (You'll consecrate an ass? your self? will you?)

Eug. jun. As a true Emblem, of their devotion's winged
Speed and swiftness, so will I sacrifice my
Pegasus (the Muses horse) unto your service,
I'll compose Panegyrickes on your praise,
And make my Muse your Waiting-woman,
As here I do my self your humble and devoted servant.

Mor. Sir, I had rather you would make any thing
The subject of your discourse, then my commendation.

Eug. jun. Now Madam, I'me your vassal more then
Ever, you've captivated all my faculties,
And made me wholly yours. I cannot but
Highly applaud this your so politicke stratagem
To level my too towering and aspiring thoughts,
In daring to make you the subject of my weak
And faint Encomiums, who are Queen Regent
Of Beauty, Vertue, and other excellent
Perfections, which (though but scatter'd and
Dispers'd to other Ladies) are all united and combin'd in you,

Mor. Well Begun, give a Superfluous to complements.
The clock has spoke nine times, to advertise you
That you must retire to Colledge, it stands
Not with my reputation or with yours
That you should be detain'd here
At so unseasonable an hour as this, and therefore I must
Crave your pardon, as well for this my own abrupt
Departure, as for desiring yours.

Exit with Anaiskuntia.

Eug. jun.

The Poor Scholar.

Jun. jun. Guard her you Powers above,
Let no distracting ghastly dream dare to
Assault or discompose her divine soul;
Let her bed seem as soft as any summers
Cloud, that it may ease her softer limbs,
And if (as th' Heliotrope her leaves unto the Sun)
She open and displays them in her dreams;
O let her be quite ravish'd with delight,
And plung'd into a gentle extasy of pleasant
Raptures; that when she wakes from that
Sweet Antepast of heavenly bliss, she
May desire real fruitions of that pleasure
Which she but in a dream enjoy'd.

Exit.

ACT. I. SCENE 4.

Two Scholars (in tatter'd gownes,) Aphobus, Anaiskuntia.

1 *Schol.* **B**Ut *Aphobus*, is she such a merry jeering
Lass as thou proclaim'st her?

Aph. Jeering! Her jeers like *Aqua fortis*, will
Eat thorough any thing, they'll penetrate
Your very heart: shee'll never show her
Teeth and laugh at you, but shee'll be sure
To bite, and that is as bad, as when thou art
Besieg'd with all thy troopes of vermin
Mustered together and united: she's a
Very Badger in the Art of jereing, and never
Bites, but she will make her grinders meet:
Take heed you don't provoke her till she falls foul upon you.

2 *Schol.* She shall fall foul upon me, if she'll but
Let me fall foul upon her, nay if she'll
But permit me to give her a fair fall

Aphob. If thou shouldst once fall upon her, though
Never so fairly, thou'dst come but foully off,
Thou'dst scarce get up again, thy nerves
Would be so empty and invalid;

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Faith here she comes; now you Rogues quake
And run like *London Train-bands* when the
Phanaticks were in armes.

Enter Anaishuntia.

Anaish. What gibbet have you robb'd *Aphobos*, for these
Gentlemen of the ragged regiment? they are as maigre
As if they had been hung six moneths at *Tiburn*,
Turn'd round with every puff of wind, and then cut
Down to be hung up again for *Skeletons*;
How their raggs hang about 'um, deliberating
Whether they should drop off or no; what have
They robb'd some *Papermills* lately? confess ingeniously,
There's no danger of their being hang'd for't,
For both their cloths and joynts are now so rotten,
They cannot hang together; they look as if
They were out of joynt, seem as pellucid as glass,
And no less brittle; a fall would break 'um all to pieces.

1. Schol. If you please Lady, I'll venture a fall with you.
Me thinks I can as well endure one, as your crackt
Chamber-maid-ship.

Anaish. Sir, I believe you would recant your challenge,
And (as you may well for *Hunger*) eat your
Words, if that you fell not soft and upon me,
Nay, and then too, I beleeve you would if not break all
Your bones, yet break your back:
But I pray' *Aphobos* upon what adventure
Are you come? you are *Night Rablers* I suppose,
Or (in better terms) you're a knight Errant,
And these two your *Squires*.

Aphob. True Lady.

Anaish. Methinkes they are in a mean Livery.

Aphob. Their old rags (Lady) are badges of Honor:
A Coat of Armes the older tis and plainer,
Tis the more honourable; their habit does
Declare unto the world that they have been
In hot and furious skirmishes, they are so
Slasht and cut.

Anaish. I suspect *Aphobos*, that (like degenerate Cowards

Which

The Four Scholars

Which rob themselves and falsely sue the countrey)
They pretend to have fought invincibly,
When they dar'd as soon run into a scabberd
As draw a sword: they look't as if they had
Broken prison, and being eagerly persu'd,
By the assistance of their rotten clothes, made
Their escape, leaving a sleeve in one mans hand,
And a remnant of their breeches in anothers,
There's not a Tenter-hook (He warrant) in the
Street, but weares their Livery.

Aphob. I must confesse Lady, they are the stoutest
Combatants in Cupids camp, they vaunt
That then they are invincible.

Anaisk. Invincible? I'll undertake that one weak
Silly woman shal cool their courage.

Schol. No Lady, Women are rather apt to heat
Then cool us, they are as hot as *Hecuba*
Who (as the Poets tell us) was delivered
Of a Firebrand: these *Helenaes* are hot enough
To burn all *Troy*; they don't (like glow-worms)
Carry a seeming heat, nor are so cool as *Cynthia*
Was when she embrac'd *Endymion*;
But they that touch 'um, finde that entertainment
The Satyre did, who kiss't the fiery coal,
They're soundly burnt for't.

Anaisk. Nay, and we're cool too Sir, but then
(Like snow) though cool at first, we burn
More vehemently with an after Clap.

Aphob. Though you burn n'ere so much, yet I'me
As cool as any Salamander, and love to dwell
In your hot flames, I can and dare
By your permission and leave,
Inhabit your most Torrid Zone.

Anaisk. I'm not as yet dispos'd to make it habitable,
I will not yet untye my virgin Zone.

Aphob. You unty it? No Lady, I'll save you that labour,
I'll (as *Alexander* did the Gordion knot) either unty, or cut it.

Anaisk.

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Anaisk. Are you so sharp set i' faith, then I leave you, I dare not meddle with Edge-roles.

Aphob. That's huge pity, you're good flesh, and fit to be cut up, Ile warrant you as tender as a *London Pullet*, and no less full of juice and gravey.

Anaisk. If you intend to make me your *Pullet*, and cut me up, you must not be a *Capon* in performance.

Aphob. Lady, I'll tread you as well as ever *Cock* trod *Hen*, I'll make you quickly big with egge.

Anaisk. Then you must first eat egges your self to make you vigorous and active.

Aphob. I am a too high mettall'd nag to need such helps and spurs, or want such incitements.

Anaisk. But Gentlemen, the day appears, and (the *Sun's Harbinger*) the morning *Star* twinkles, and winks upon me to retire unto my *Ladies chamber*, lest this my absence be discover'd to her, for this time therefore I'll bid you *Adieu*. *Exit.*

Aphob. Come my Boys, wee'll scale the *Colledge walls*, take an hours *Nap* upon our *Beds*, and then to *Chappel*, where That our vagaries be conceal'd, we'll pray, Whilst we by *Night* do ramble, sleep by *Day*.

ACT. I. SCENE 5.

Eugen.Sen. *Eugen's Juniors father, Eugen's Junior.*

Eug. Jun.sath. I'M plunged in amazement at th' Relation of my rebellious sons behaviour; he stands eternally oblig'd to you for making him a member of that *Colledge* whereof you're *Head* and *President*, what dares he scratch his head? or make it ake, by his ill-qualities and corrupted humours? I should extremely doubt whether he were my lawful issue, or some ignoble spurious By-Blow, were I not well assured of's Mother obstinate and invincible Chastity, who though she was in her young days, a beautiful and comely Venus, and therefore might excite all motions in all her Beholders, yet was the too chaste a *Divine*, and awfully cooled and discountenanc'd 'um; no sooner, were they rais'd, but she standing i'th

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i'th circle of her many vertues, conjur'd 'um down again.

Eug. Sen. To open my mind plainly to you; hee's an useless, nay a dangerous member, and if he be n't lopt off, tis to be fear'd hee'l corrupt others of the Body of our Society; hee's turn'd a Rambler; I'm in suspence, whether I shall expel him, or try him further. *Eug. F. fath.* Pray Brother bee n't so far transported with your Passion, as to proceed to that extremity of rigor. *Eug. Sen.* I summon'd him t' appear in's own defence, & advertis'd him too, that you'd be here; O here he is. *En. Jun. Jun.*

Eug. Jun. fath. Ha thou ungracious villain! what? turn'd Night-bird? and, when you should be in your nest, or (which I'de rather) at your study, must you be flying after Ladybirds? I'll clip your wings I' faith: I'll put a-ne-plus-ultra to your rambles, I know of 'um all. *Eug. Jun.* I beleeeve (Sir), you know of more then I do.

Eug. F. fath. That's very probable; for, your too liberally quafft off bowles of liquor (like *Lethe* water) have washt their memory out off your head; your understanding's light is clouded and obscur'd by your black deeds, and works of Darknes; you have ecclips'd its wonted splendour: on what night I pray sir, held you your last Rendezvouz?

Eug. F. Tis so long since sir, I have quite forgot it.

Eug. Jun. fath. What? your Travels and rambles were so long? that (as *Sir Francis Drake* in's travels lost a day) so you have lost a night? you have forgot it (forsooth?)

Eug. Sen. weeps. Sir, should I keep these words in crocodiles and a tificial tears scrud from my eyes, they could not challenge your belief, and so I should be in despair first of your audience, and then of pardon; but (Sir) my innocence, which is as pure as that of Babes, when newly washt from their original stain, keeps me from sinking in this deluge of profound misery.

Eug. Sen. O Sir, you are he that stick'd not to say, Sweet smells would make my head ake, but I think now, I've made your heart ake for't. These tears of yours I hope will make some seeds of virtue bud forth apace, and cause you to grow better as well as bigger, like *April* showres they may produce those flowers (of Rhetorick) which you lately told me, would be

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be offensive to me; I hope your tears won't (like those drops of rain which fall near the Line,) leave a corrupt steam behind 'um : now whilst they are in motion, and trickle down your rosy cheeks, they're sweeter than Rose-water to my sense; O that it rain'd thus sweetly all the year! then, then, it may be some seeds of obedience, might grow with your rebellious weeds.

Eug. Jun. Know sir, that though a fathers awful anger can open all the flood-gates of my eyes, yet I like *April* can look clear and merrily, *wipes his face and laughs.*

as well as weep; I still can laugh at you, whilst I behold your Rainbow eyes, 'tis time for me to cease from raining showres of tears.

Eug. J. fath. O horrid! I can't hear this, and bear it, farewel brother for a while *turns to his Son.*

I must be gone, I must avoid the place,
But you for your part, never see my face.

Exit.

Eug. Sen. Do you see sir, how you have frightened away your father with your rebellious practises? *Eug. Jun.* No sir, 'tis rather you have don't; he took you for some savage beast, some mad and furious dog, and thought you'd worry him, as y' have done me.

Eug. Sen. Sirrah, if you intend to keep still in the Colledge, keep in your tongue.

Eug. Jun. I will not, cannot do it; should you serve me as th' tyrant *Tereus* served *Philomel*, and cut it out, I'd use some other art to vent my fury, I'd write it in your blood; I should be happier, were I out o'th' Colledge, as long as you are in't:

If you continue in, out I must go,

I can't cohabit with a mortal foe.

Exit Eug. J.

Eug. Sen. Oh! how I burn with raging fury! how sharp a Paroxysm of feaverish Passion does affect me? it can't be cur'd but by (that cooling Remedy) Moderation, which yet has never dwelt within this so hot Climate of my Breast; when *Hercules* was clad with th' Centaures coat, he could not feel such vehement flames; I have a Hell within me, and the heat of my Passion's as unquenchable; my strong affections have (like *Phaetons* wild Coursers) enflam'd my little world of Man, my Microcosm, my soul must change her lodging, and leave this earthly Vehicle my Body, to cool her self i'th' blest Elysian shades;

like

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like flame-eructing *Ætna*, I belch forth fire : well, I'll retire and read a Lecture of *Philosophy* to conjure down this Devil, Passion.

Exit.

ACT. I. SCENE 6.

Demosthenes, Philos.

Demosth. YOU acted indiscreetly (*Philos*) thus to betray yong *Eugenies* rambles to his uncle ; you know there ever have been private feuds and discontents betwixt 'um ; thorough's unckles meanes, his father has with drawn most of 's allowance, he water'd him before with small and inconsiderable drops, from's golden river ; and they came from him, like so many drops of blood ; and if he should (as certainly he will) bear once of this miscarriage, hee'l utterly discard him.

Philos. I acted (I'll assure you) on good an a honest principles, not out of malice to his Nephew ; I onely ascertain'd him in general, that his nephew frequented Ladies company, and was no less brought up in *Cupids* Academy, then in ours ; that he lov'd to tast the Marmalade of a Ladies lips, was equally delighted with the roses of their cheeks, and with the Lillies of their hands, he lov'd to rob the pleasant Garden of a Ladies face, gather the cherries of her lips, the blushing red-cheekt apples of her cheekes, handle her azure veines like violets, or that hee'd walk about with a she-Hawk on's fist, and lov'd to bring her to his lure : what harm was there in this ?

Demosth. If it had been to one, not bias'd with Passion and prejudice, there had been none ; but in betraying it to such a one, as he is, you have betray'd your weakness : had you acquainted me alone with his defects and errours, I would with greater lenity, and to better effect, have attempted to reform 'um.

Philos. Well *Demosthenes*, words have wings, and, as soon as (their Cage) the mouth is open'd, out they fly, and mount beyond our reach and past recovery ; like lightning, they can't be stopt, but break their passage th'rough the smallest cranies, and penetrate sometimes the thickest walls ; their nature's as expansive as the Light, like Sun beames they are darted many miles from their first source ; but I'll assure you, for the future if I obtain more cogni-

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zance

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zance of his actions, before his uncle I'll be as silent, secret, as the Night, and cloke his actions with obscurity; but to you, I'll open and reveal 'um all, I'll be as clear as day; I'll draw them in a line from the Circumference of my mouth unto your ear, as to their center, where I am sure they'll rest, and go no further. I know old *Eugenes* is presently incens'd at every petty peccadillo, I'll always therefore make him stranger to my thoughts, in matters of this importance.

Demosth. Be sure you're constant to your words, in the interim I'll go in and give him some good counsel. *Exit.*

Philos. 'Tis true, I can't deny, but I love old *Eugenes* unfeignedly; but I shall be a torment to him, if I discover his Nephews vices to him any more; a whisperer, and informer, is an odious creature, I shall abhorre my self, if I don't speedily forsake these practices, all whispering winds are usually fore-runners of a storm, I'll not (like a Fly) be always buzzing in old *Eugenes* ears, I shall corrupt 'um; I'll seek him out, and unravel all that I have done, I'll make his nephew master again of his affections. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

ACT. 2. SCENE I.

Eugenes Jun. Eugencia, Uperephania.

Eugencia. **B**Rother, I wonder you should be so importunate in the suit of that same Cock-brain'd fellow *Eutrapelus*, he is compos'd of levity, I dare not speak a syllable, but hee'll convert it to his own advantage, hee'll sometimes make such use of all my answers, that I shall seem rather to court his fool-ship, then he to offer's Courtship unto me.

Eug. Jun. Sister, though he is light himself, yet he has store of heavy gold; which is as sparkling as his wit; He warrant, hee'll protract, and certainly produce your lifes small thread to the duration of seven years longer; hee'll tickle your ears with wit, as well as something else with genial pleasures: besides, he does derive his pedigree from many ancient and noble families.

Upereph. Yes I beleeve he can derive it as far, as from *Wil. Sommers* King *Henry* the 8th fool, *Scoggin* the Jester, or the wise men of *Goatam*, I beleeve his pedigree is ancient, for his coat he wears,

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is old, and plain enough, and may be blazon'd with 12 Lice Rampant in the field Or of his yellow skin, his crest, is a Cocks-comb, for if there be one in the world, tis he.

Eugenia. Dy' hear how admirably she blazons his Coat?

Eug. Jun. Hang her jade, because she wears an ugly vizard her self, and frights men from being her servants, and is constrain'd to walk alone, whispering her self away, shee'd draw other prostitutes to her religion, shee'd have all turn Nuns, and be confin'd to a Cloyster, and (with her Ladyships Apes face) lead apes in hell.

Eugenia. But Brother, I've heard you often talk how the Romans conferred certain dignities on vestal virgins, who kept their virgin fruits pure and ngather'd.

Eug. Jun. But yet the number of those vestals was but small, the dignities and priviledges which they enjoy'd, were only these, that they in state were render'd equal to married wives.

Eugenia. But, what if I have solemnly protested to live and dye a virgin?

Eug. Jun. Then you must as solemnly break that oath; such temerarious and imprudent vows are better broke then kept; for none can by an ordinary way perceive, whether they have that special gift of continency, as to be able to live and die unmarri'd; what woman hath so sail'd about the world of her own heart, sounded each creek, survey'd each corner, but that still there may remain much *Terra Incognita* to her self; besides concupiscences too much restrain'd, will swell the more, had *Danae* not been kept b' a brazen door, sh' had dy'd a harmless Virgin, not a whore.

Uperephan. Madam, I hope you'le not be guilty of foul perjury, what you have vow'd, perform; ne're be confin'd to one mans humours. Be still as free as your unlimited thoughts.

Eug. Jun. Out! you lascivious quean; because you're not your self content to be confined to one man, would you dissuade her from it? would you have your mistress like your self? as common as the Sea, as Air, and no less light; would you have her let all Night-birds build their nests in her thick Bush? and make her self a Warehouse for all sorts of Commodities? a Publican to receive all Tribute she can get? you'd have as many men (it may be) to gratify (I can't say) satisfy your lust, as the great Turk has women in's Seraglio; you cannot feed upon one sort of flesh, you must be pamper'd with variety.

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Uperphan. You'r mistaken Sir in me ; I'm not so weary of my life , or so well prepar'd to die , as to desire yet to be press'd to death by any man, I'll first be hanged.

Eug. Jun. Hang y'u Jade, but then you'l choose your gallows. The door is open and invites you to go out, your absence at this time will be to us more acceptable then your presence , for here comes merry *Eutrape'us*. You'l spoil his sport if you stay here.

Uperphan. I'll make no longer stay then, but yet I am resolv'd to make my Mistriss (*Penelope*-like) unravel all by night *Eutrapelus* does by day.

I'll make men know (let 'um do what they can)

A woman can persist to hate a man.

Exit.

ACT. 2. SCENE 2.

Manent Eugenēs J. Eugeneia, Enter Eutrapelus.

Eug. Jun. YOU'r welcome to me my *Eutrapelus*, your company makes me happy. *Eutrap.* Thanks Noble *Eugenes* ; but yet I should be swell'd with bigger, and more large conceptions of my worth , if I were thought so by the fair *Eugeneia* ; could I but merit one smile of hers, I'de wracke my braines , and cause each ventricle thereof to be in labour for a jest, and they should first conceive, and then bring forth all their conceits.

Eugeneia. Sir , your merits sound so loud in each expression of my brothers, that they require that portion of respect which otherwise I should deny you.

Eutrapel. Madam, I should be blest for ever, if their sound should prove harmonious, and make good musick in your ears ; or, like the pleasant layes of *Orpheus* , attract all things and sexes after 'um, and (more peculiarly) your sacred self. *Eugeneia.* Sir, now you are a Note too high, you'll overstrain your voice in canting forth your own deserts, this is the way to raise a discord between you, and your best friends.

Eutrap. T'has been observ'd that discord makes the sweetest Harmony : but yet because I may not seem a Schismatick in love, I'me for a perfect union, wee'le (if you please) incorporate, wee'le make up a complete Hermaphrodite, and be inseparably glu'd together, and when we're met we'el stick so close , that nothing but omnipotence it self shall ever Diverge us from our nuptial pleasures. *Eugeneia.* Rome was not built (Sir) in a day, and things

things of so great consequence as marriage, are not to be resolv'd on in a minute, this ordinance (like the laws o'th' *Medes* and *Perfians*) is unchangeable, what is once done heer and concluded on, can never be unravell'd or undone.

Entrap. Fear not undoing Madam, for we'el be always doing, when we're marri'd; I'le always be in Action; and if this sure prevaile with you, Ile then clap action upon you after action, Ile first arrest you in your bed, and n'ere be nonsuited in *Cupids* Court, till my endeavours for an heir obtain a happy issue; pray give your verdict (Madam) in this case.

Eugenia. My verdict sir is this, that you are non-suited in the court of my affections, your plea can't any more be heard, you've lost your suite, your Rights and titles, to make me your Tene-ment, are forfeited.

Entrap. Then, Madam, I'le renew my suite, and make your Brother my advocate in this cause.

Eugenia. Hee'l take Br bes Sir, and therefore (like a common Barreter) he shall obtain no audience, Ile therefore now adjourn Great *Cupids* Court, and put a period to your amorous sport; *Exit.*

Entrap. Don't I look simply *Eugenes*? and seem in as deplorable a state, as a young heir beset with Serjeants? When the large sails of's Debts are ready to sink and over-whelm the small Bark of his poor estate; *Marssy* as (after *Apollo* flead him) ne're look't so simply, if he did, Ile be flead; Ile undertake a whole Nights lodging, and hard Jobb-Journey-workes of darkness, would not have cool'd my courage, as this repulse has done; sh' has made my eyes as hollow as her heart.

Eng. Jun. I took thee not (*Entrapellus*) for so notorious a Coward, as to be daunted with the first denial, Take thou but Courage, and be bold, my Boy, And all thy grief shall terminate in joy, Coward ne're won fair Lacy, stand this shock, And thou shalt have her in a surer Lock.

Entrap. I wish I had her in so sure a Lock, as to give her a fall, and then, I'de make her belly rise before her.

Eng. Jun. Take heed that (like *Antaus*) she grow not stronger by her fall, and getting up before you, throw you off for ever. But I must crave your absence for a while; each minute I expect my turtour.

Entrap. Ile be gone then I saith; least if he finde us here
toge-

together, he should read us a Juniper or Crabtree lecture; *Exit Eu.*

ACT. 2. SCENE 3.

Eugenius Junior, Demosthenes.

Eng. J. **O**Ds' so, here he comes. *he perceives Demosthenes entering.*
Well, now I must be thunder-proof, his brows
are clouded, and presage a storm, pray God 't be but an April
shower, as soon ended as begun, or (if he thunder) God send that
(like the air) he be the better clear'd from Angers fumes and fiery
exhalations; for otherwise, hee'l blatt me with his breath; but (now
I think on't) he shall find me reading. *He pulls a book out of his pocket,*

Demosth. I'm glad to see you thus studiously im- *And reads softly.*
ploy'd, your actions in some measure contradict that flying rumour
which proclaim'd you remiss and negligent; you do well to de-
feat black-mouth'd obloquy, and vindicate your reputation from
those aspersions, with which it has been blended and defac't. I pray
continue it in its proper lustre, and suffer't not to be ecclips'd by
any spots of a debauchit and vicious conversation.

Eng. Jun. aside. Pray' God he does not change his tune present-
ly, this is too sweet to last long. *Demosth.* Though other men
may cherish in their bosoms sinister thoughts of all your actions, yet
He be charitable in my constructions on 'um, But — *shakes his head.*

Eng. Jun. aside. Nay 'faith, if he talks of Butting, then 'war
Horns; I'me the But he'el shoot at. *Demosth.* Well, I must
display my thoughts unto you, I must not, dare not flatter you too
much, for such a fawning spaniel is worse then a dumb dog, He bark
to fright you, although I bite the less. *Eng. Jun. aside.* I'd rather
hear a Dog bark, then him speak now. *Demosth.* I am inform'd

that you give frequent visits to your Ladies, and though, (as tis
confess't) your stipend and allowance be but small, you spend it
vainly in their company; tis now no wonder, your complaints of
poverty are so loud; for they who keep such costly and expensive
mares as women, (like those that kept *Sejanus'* horse) will soon de-
cay in their estates and fortunes.

Eng. Jun. Sir, you may easily
accuse a man, though ne're so innocent; I would request you there-
fore to produce that man who dares be so maliciously bold and wic-
ked, as to accuse me face to face; there's none I know dare do it,
my

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my looks would prove as fatal to him, as a *Basilisk*, or as *Medusa's* snaky locks to her Beholders: who e're he be, he can as soon with open and undazl'd eyes look on the Sun; as upon me, with this false accusation in his mouth; if there are gods above and divine justice, his iniquated breath will rot his teeth, his tongue will leap out of his mouth, before he can give birth to so prodigious an untruth as this; besides, you may be pleas'd fir to consider, how tis improbable that I, who can't disburse enough for Necessaries, and have been always pinch'd by extream want, should gain admittance into Ladies company. *Demosth.* Sometimes a golden tongue may be as prevalent as a golden shower of money: you have perhaps some winning complements, and they will pass more currant with yong Ladies then the coin of some Gallants, whose heads are empty, though their pockets full. *Eug. Jun.* You can't expect that they should be Great Wits, who have small purses, they usually sympathize together, Wit is expensive, it must be diet'd with delicacies, it must be suckl'd with the richest wines, or else it will grow flat and dull. *Demost.* I don't like these principles in you, I now suspect you more then ever, and be assur'd, my eye shall be always over you: I'll make the friends I have as so many prospectives, to take a perfect view of your deportment, and as I am inform'd, I'll act. *Exit.*

Eug. Jun. I hope then your friends will look th'rough the wrong end o'th' Prospective, and all my faults will seem but *Peccadillos* and *Venial* slips. But here comes *Pege*. *Enter Pege.*

ACT. 2. SCENE 4.

Pege, Eugenius Junior.

Pege. **W**Hat? poor still, *Eugenius*? are not thy fathers coffers open yet? Ha'st not with th' herb *Lunaria* pickt his locks? Does he (like *Nero*) still delight to wallow on his floores cover'd, and (as 'twere) pav'd with money? wont he allow thy pockets a guard of tutelar angels to keep the devil out?

Eug. Jun. Not one; the devil has so long possess't 'um, hee'l never be cast out, but by th' omnipotent aid of sacred Gold, of which I'm destitute: I dare not go to Church for fear of being encounter'd by a Brief, and if I am admitted into company unknown

to

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to me, my first complement is this, *Prithee lend me six pence* : in summe, my head's as full of care for money, as my pocket's empty of it. Let's put our heads together, and by th' conjunction of our Brains beget a plot, let us endeavour to undermine my father.

Pege. Is that your last refuge then? *Ha!* you no books to sell? can't you live by your learning? *Eug. Jun.* No faith, not one, that's worth the selling, necessity forc'd me to look gold in my Dictionary as I us'd to do Latine, and I chose rather to make it yield me money, then onely give me good words; my Greek Lexicon I parted with for the procuring of one Greek word call'd *Krusos* (Gold:) Blind *Homer*, because he was a poor Poet, and brought me nothing, I turn'd out of doors for a small bribe of twelve pence, and as the Song goes

My Euclids Elements did pack

For the better element of Sack.

My *Ovids Metamorphosis* is Metamorphos'd into silver, and of my Grammar, which should teach me to make true Latine, I have made true and lawful money. My *Metaphysicks* are abstracted from my study, and 'tis no matter, because they do abitraet (all they treat of) from matter; my *Astronomy* books are all expos'd to sale, for liquor, onely to make experiment of the Earth's motion when my Brains (like my blood) perform their circulation: and now I am so good a *Philosopher* as to carry all I have about me, and my sole study is how to get more.

Pege. I'm big with plot, of which when I am once delivered, I question not but you will be delivered from your poverty for a time, you'll get a truce with it.

Eug. Jun. Let's hear't I pri'thee.

Pege. Thus you must steer your course, step to a Book-sellers, and give him this angel, *puls money out of's pocket.* which I'll lend you, for the use of (the many-languag'd Bibles lately publisht) for a week, their price is 12 pound; when you have once got 'um in your study, invite your father to your chamber, show him your Library, and tell him you are 12l. out of purse for those large volumes.

Eug. Jun. But *Pege*, my shelves which heretofore were cramm'd like Capons, are now empty, I've sold almost all my books.

Pege. He lend thee as many bookes of mine as shall fill up their room.

Eug. Jun. Well thought of my politicke Head-piece, my *Matchiavel*, my *Richliou*, my *Mazarine*, I'll

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I'll to the Book-sellers, and when I've got
The Books, Ile laugh, and say, God speed the plot. *Exit.*

Pege. Unto what lordid and ignoble shift do parents put their children? when they preferre their pelf before 'um, and love it more; they won't allow 'um one small creek of all their wealth to sail in; and therefore (after their long wisht for death) they sail top and top Gallant in the large Ocean of their wealth, till they make Shipwrack of their fortunes, and split against that dangerous rock of Prodigality; they'll sput out whole cellars of wine, as fast as their old parents could swallow and concoct their gains got by extortoin, or any indirekt unlawful means; they won't be Tantaliz'd; they'll drink their liquour when 'tis at their nose; they'll make their golden apples (like those of Sodom) molter away if they can come to touch 'um; and open all their Locks of golden water so often, till they are quite exhausted. But what's the matter with *Aphobos*? he comes thus puffing and sweating. *Ent. Aphobos.*

ACT. 2. SCENE 5.

Without a gown, Aphobos, Pege.

Aphobos. **O** *Pege,* I'm undone! *Pege.* Why, what's the matter?
Aphobos. The matter! why, Ile tell thee, with some others of my acquaintance I've been to night upon the watch.

Pege. How upon the watch? I thought you had rather been a peace breaker, then a keeper of the peace.

Aphob. You'r i'th right; for when I say, we were upon the watch, I mean, we fell upon 'um and beat 'um roundly: and whilest we were deeply engag'd i'th' skirmish, I, that I might bestir my self the nimbler, threw of my gown, and being at length overpower'd, by a fresh supply of their Assistants, I was forc'd to leave my gown behind me, and think a pair of heels worth two pair of hands, the damned rogues persued me closer then my other company, and observing me to scale our Colledge walls, this morning brought my gown to th' president, and hee's resolv'd to make a diligent search after the owner; thou hast (I hear) two gowns, I pri'thee lend me one, and I will ever style thee my grand Deliverer and Protector; fetch it quickly for fear he should surprize me, thus unarm'd and unprovided. *Pege.* Ile out, and fetch one for you. *Exit.*

E

Aphob.

The Poor Scholar.

Aphob. Under what dismal and unfortunate planet was I born? that when (in imitation of the Planets) I wander'd up and down, from sign to sign, from house to house, all my irregular motions should be so perfectly discover'd: one of the watchman, that saw me come from *Aniskuntiaes* house, was (as I think) a Black-smith; but yet I hope this Vulcan, will not divulge't abroad, that I, like *Mars*, was in conjunction with my *Venus*; if he do's, He blame him, and make him a right Vulcan; He give him a worse fall, then *Jove* gave that other Vulcan, whom (as Poets tell us) he flung from heaven to earth. But I wish this *Pege* were come with's gown, I think though I hear him coming. *Enter Pegé with a gown in's hand.*

Pegé. You Rogue you, put it on quickly; the President hath call'd a congregation of Fellows, and 's a searching all the Students chambers, to finde which of 'um tis has shed his skin, they'l instantly be here. *Aphob.* I'll on with't then. *be puts it on.*

Pegé. 'Tis well tis on, for here they're all.

ACT. 2. SCENE 6.

Manent Pegé, Aphobos, enter Eugenés senior Pres. with Aphobos's gown in's hand; Demosthenes, Philos, three other Fellows of the Colledge.

Eug. Sen. **W**Hat skabby sheep is't that has drop't this rotten Fleece? who'e're he be, he must be taken notice of lest he spoil the whole flock: do you know this gown, *Aphobos*?

Aphob. A'n't please you sir, I never saw't before; and (aside) if I could help it, I would nere see't again. *Eug. sen.* What's that you mumble to your self, you would not do? *Aphob.* I said Sir, that I ne're saw't before, and if I had, I would not conceal the owner. *Eug. sen.* What say you *Pegé*? do you know't?

Pegé. Not I sir, I never thought so torn a gown as this worth taking notice of: it seems to have been stoln out of a Beggars Wardrobe. *Eug. Sen.* The Watchmen took it up i'th street, and brought it to me, assuring me that it was a young Scholar's of our Colledge. *Demost.* The watch take it up? tis not worth taking up i'th high away; but if we knew the owner, we'd take him down to th' butterie, and give him due correction.

Aphob. aside. Under correction sir, if you're for the butteries with me, He lie as close as *Diogenes* in *Dolio*, I'll creep in at the Bung-hole before I'll mount a Barrel; and have my hole bung'd;

if

The Poor Scholar.

if they catch me now, I must expect to be whipt like a brewers horse. *Eng. sen.* What's that you matter, sir?

Aphob. I say sir, if 't be mine I shall desire no more favour then to be whipt like a brewers horse. *Philos.* Certainly, I've seen

this robe worn by some of our Undergraduates, I've seen't on some body's back, that belongs to our Colledge. *Aphob aside:* I had better (like *Hercules*) have worn the Centaures poison'd coat, then have it prov'd, that I e're wore it: if it be known this robe was mine, they'l make me wear a scarlet robe; they'l dye my skin in my own blood, and mangle it as bad, as that gown is torn.

1 Fellow Sure *Aphobos* you're a conjuring, you make such motions with your lips, and yet speak not a word that can be heard; but *Aphobos*, I won't say absolutely 'tis your gown, but I am confident, I've seen you wear it. *Aphobos.* Sir you'le as difficultly make it

fit me, as *Mercury's* garment did the Moor, who was always either waxing or waning, and so the garment was either too little or too big. *3 Fellow.* You're something like the Moon, your self, you

are as pale (with fear) as she is; and wee'l try whether 'twill fit you or no, come put off that gown you wear.

Aphobos aside. I had rather put you off with an excuse, if I had a good one. *3 Fellow.* What is't you say? *Aphob.* I say sir,

I had rather put it off then not. *Eng. sen.* Off with't then, and put on this. *he gives him the gown, and he puts it on,*

2 Fellow. It fits him, as if it were his own.

Aphob. aside. A pox take you, you have fitted me with a witness.

2 Fellow. *Aphobos*, This gown was made for you.

Aphob. side. I thank my good wit for't, I have hit upon a pretty excuse now. *3 Fellow.* What say you sir?

Aphob. I say sir, that I have no excuse for my self, and must ingeniously confess that once it was my gown, but having another, and urg'd by want of money, I sold it to one of another Colledge, who since has left the Colledge, and (as I conceive) sold it another, and that other may have left it where 'twas found.

Pegge aside. What a brave suble rogue 'tis; faith, this excuse will stand him in noble stead; 'twill hold water, and keep him from sinking. *1 Fellow.* What witness can you produce you sold it

to that party? *Aphob aside.* 'S'lid I hope that the rogue *Pegge* will be true to me if I cite him. *1 Fellow.* Who d'you say?

The Poor Scholar.

Pege aside. I commend thee for thy wit, Boy; I'll rescue thee now. *Eng. sen.* Can you witness this *Pege?* *Pege.* Yes sir. *

Demosth. This will be try'd (Sir) presently, let one of us examine *Pege* apart, another, *Aphobus*, for how many shillings he sold it.

Aphob. I have the price, Sir, *He shakes his ten fingers, and at my fingers ends.* (*winks on Pege.*)

Pege. aside. I know his meaning; I must say as many shillings as he has fingers. *Demost.* Whisper softly, and tell me *Aphobas*.

Aphob. I had ten shillings for't sir. *1 Fellow.* What say you, *Pege?* *Pege.* He sold it for an Angel sir.

Aphob. aside. O my good Angel; well said.

1. Fel. They both concur, sir, in the same price don't, they?

Demosth. Yes, they do sir. *Eng. Sen.* Well, Gentlemen, we'll mak a further search when time permits us; I have urgent occasions call me away, let us depart. *Exeunt all but Pege and Aphob.*

Pege. Now, my Boy, thou'rt out of gunshot; thou'rt excellent at coining excuses i'th' mintage of thy brain, and by stamping 'um with the counterfeit impress of truth; knowst how to make 'um pass for currant; thou canst hammer out a lie in the forge of thy brain (the best that ever I knew) thou hast a good extempore Wit that way. *Aphob.* I had need then have had my wits about me, for had I been once i'th' Butteries, they'd have their rods about me. But *Pege*, let us, for joy that I'm escap'd, go to th' three Tuns, and drink a pint of wine, and laugh away our cares.

Sings. Wee'l carouse in Bacchus's fountains, hang your Beer and muddy Tis onely Sack insuses courage, when our spirits droop and sail; (*Ale:* Tis drinking at the Tuns, that keeps us from ascending Battery Barrels; Tis this that safely brings us off, when we're engag'd in fends and quarrels.

Pege. Come away Boy. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundi.

ACT. 3. SCENE I.

Eugenius Jun. Anaistuntia, Morphe.

Eng. Jun. I Thank my stars I have recruited my decay'd Library, and I hope that it will recruit my empty pockets: Twelve pounds! Tis a sum my pockets were never before guilty of, and had not been so now, had not my father prov'd a golden As

The Poor Scholar.

Als; now me thinkes I could venture t'other fit of my angry unckle, to see my *Morphe*; What care I though he frowns, so she but smiles; let him show himself a fierce and angry *Mars*, so shee'l but prove a smiling *Venus*; If he thunders, shee's my *Daphne*, my *Lawrel*, that can protect me from being thunderstruck; I'll never prove a coward in this my *Amorous War*; And though my unckle should discharge whole volleys of peircing words against me, he could not change my countenance with pale-fac'd fear, much less my resolutions; but I think I see *Anaiskuntia* coming. *Speaks to her,*

Enter Anaiskuntia as passing over the Stage.

Pri'thee sweet heart let me detain you a little, how does your Mistress, the fair and vertuous *Morphe*? Is she so much at leasure, as to vouchsafe me a small conference with her; I should be very proud if I could merite the noble title of her servant.

Anaiskunt. Sir, I presume that she is ne're so much employ'd, but your company may make her put a period to all her other busines.

Eug. Jun. Now thou transport'st me into a pleasant extasie of joy; thou makest me be all ear, whilst you distil these words which so much savour of blandishment and sweet delights; now I'm as light as Air, and am resolv'd to make all troubles strangers to my breast.

Anaiskuntia. I can't, sir, but admire this your immoveable and undaunted spirit, that you can (like the Weather) sing in tempests, and those so great ones, which your unckle rais'd, after he heard you did frequent my Mistriss's, house. *Eug. Jun.* Why *Anaiskuntia*? Has fame with her swift pinions divulg'd it thus far?

Anaisk. 'Tis as I tell you sir. *Eug. Jun.* Let me tell thee then *Anaiskuntia*, that though wave after wave of misery should fall upon me, by those storms my unckle raises; though all adversitie's, most blustering winds should be united and conspire against me, like *Aeolus*, I'd quell 'um all; or if I could not, I'd laugh at 'um, and dare 'um to do their worst. *Anaisk. aside.* I see there's something i'th' wind now, and that he loves my mistress.

Eug. Jun. They should not put an end unto my voyage, th' attractive and magnetick vertue of her beauty's so strong and potent; by her as by my Polar Star; I'll so direct my course, that though I were envelop'd with Nights black sable mantle, I'd safely steer my course, till my designs arrive to her as to their wish'd for Haven.

Anaisk.

The Poor Scholar.

Anaisk. Sir, you have now render'd me yours, more then ever ; before, I entertain'd but low and abject thoughts of your deserts, now, on the contrary, I am become a great adorer of your worth, and promise you my best assistance, towards the purchase of your desired ends, what e're they be.

Eng. Jun. Thanks for thy love my *Anaiskuntia*, Here's a small gratuity, as an acknowledgement that I think my self gives her much obliged to thee for it, and, if occasion be, I'll money. make experiment and tryal of it ; but is not this your Mistress, the fair *Morphe* ? I think it is : assist me now you Muses.

ACT. 3. SCENE 2.

Enter Morphe.

Morphe. **W**HAT ? are you here *Eugenes* ? I thought you had been barricado'd up in your study, cloysterd up like a Monk, and condemn'd to a twelve months penance by your unckle, to expiate that crime you committed lately in giving me a visit.

Eng. Jun. Madam, I am confin'd I must confess, but it is onely to your self ; I am your vassal, and not a little ambitious to do you any service, that is within the Sphere of my small power : I am not yet, and never will be cloyster'd up, or lead a Monkish life : I am resolv'd (if possible) to enter the sacred bonds of Marriage. *Morphe.* What ? then will you be clogg'd to a silly woman ? that's the worst sort of confinement, and I believe won't prove agreeable to your nature.

Eng. Jun. Madam, I'm now a Captive, and am desirous that my thoughts may have the benefit of a Goal-delivery.

Morph. How ? a Captive *Eugenes* ? *Eng. Jun.* I'm your Captive, Madam, and shall never think my self at liberty, till you binde me i'th' fetters of your arms ; that bondage to me will seem liberty.

Morphe. You speak Riddles, and Mysteries, *Eugenes*, which are beyond the Sphere of my low capacity ; I want an interpreter. *Anaisk.* We women are such silly Asses, we don't know when we're well offer'd, we won't understand what's good for us, until its too late : any one that is not (like an Ass) void of all Reason, may know that you're the mark he shoots at, and that, if hemight, he'd stick his Arrow in the middle of you.

Morph.

The Poor Scholar.

Morph. You sawcy slut, be silent, we must not take your false interpretations on mens words.

Eng. Jun. What modesty would have forc'd me fondly to conceal, she has reveal'd unto you: I'me glad I had so eloquent a speaker to express my vast affections to you: Sh'has made an excellent Commentary on my words.

Morph. Truly, Sir, her Commentary seems obscurer to me, then the Text on which she made it. *Anaisk.* Then Sir, go to your Application, and (as an Application ought to be) let it be plain and practical.

Eng. Jun. Madam, I'll now no longer use vain Circumlocutions: I'll not be alwaies conversant about those outward circumstances, of that action Marriage, called Complements; I'll take the shortest Cut, and tell you plainly, that I'me so much enamour'd both to the beauty of your Minde and Body, that I must utterly despair of any happiness, unless you'll please to perfect and compleat my wishes in yielding your consent to Marriage. *Anaisk.* Now, Sir, you speak (Soldier like) plainly and boldly: I'll warrant you a special Striker in Cupids Camp.

Morph. Though, Sir, I am so much a woman, as that I can't conceal those high respects I have reserved for you, yet I'de not have you think, they're prevalent enough to terminate in Nuptial Love; I shall desire you therefore to desist from importuning me with such vain motions.

Anaisk. Vain motions! I should think 'um good motions, were they directed to me, as to their proper Center; but we women forsooth, are all for Circular motions: first we will, and then we won't,

We won't, we will; we will, we won't again,

Until at last our Coyneſs prove our bairn.

Eng. Jun. Well, Madam, your repulſe has kept me off for a time, but it will make me come on again a freſh, with doubled vigour: All happiness dwell with you.

Exit.

Morph. Come, *Anaiskuntia*, Let us go diſpatch the buſineſs I ſpake t' you of. *Anaisk.* Madam, I'll wait upon you. *Exeunt both.*

ACT. 3. SCENE 3.

Pege, Eugenies Junior.

Pege. I Think I was born to ſuccour and relieve diſtreſſed perſons:
Aphobos, had it not been for me, had

The Poor Scholars

had been severely punish't; and young *Eugenes* would have been in as poor a condition, as a wandring Pilgrim: His pockets would have been sufficient Arguments to prove a *Vacuum* in Nature: I'me glad that I can be so instrumental to my friends; tis no small satisfaction to me. But here comes *Eugenes*, I believe, with his heart as light, as his pockets are heavy. What hath my plot thriv'd *Eugenes*? *Enter Eugenes.*

Eug. Jun. Thriv'd! Thou art fit to be Privy Councillor to a King, my Boy; thou hast so many winding Labyrinths in thy brain, that none will ever track thy grand designs: *Joves* secrets may as easily be discovered, as thine: Omnipotence it'self would be sore puzzled to dive into the depths of all thy stratagems.

Page. Well, I'me glad I've pleasur'd you, and if it lye within the Sphere of my weak power to help you, you may command me. But no more of this; here comes *Eutrapelus*, he'll make us merry after our plotting.

ACT. 3. SCENE 4.

Enter Eutrapelus.

Eutrap. **H**OW is't Gentlemen? Jovial, and blith?

Eug. Jun. How can we be otherwise in your company, *Eutrapelus*; you are the Genius of the place in which you are, and inspire your company with a spirit of mirth: Your presence (like the Suns) clears us from Melancholy's dismal clouds: you banish Grief (that Traytor to all mirth) from our breasts: you calm the rugged waters of adverse Fortune, and make their surface smooth and even: in short, you are the soul o'th' Company, and animate us with your lively presence.

Eutrap. I could wish, *Eugenes*, that I might (as it were) animate, and infuse a soul into your sister, by the Act of Propagation.

Eug. Jun. Fear not, my *Eutrapelus*, but that thou (like her soul) shalt dwell within her: thou shalt take up the best part in her body, for thy lodging.

Eutrap. I could dwell there willingly, all my life: I'll swear shee's a Palace for a King to dwell in: shee's such good meat, that, were shee set before a King, hee'd have no taster; hee'd venture on her first himself.

Page.

The Poor Scholar.

Pege. Pri'thee *Entrapetus* don't talk off these enamell'd bubbles, these painted pieces of clay call'd women; who, were they not over curiously expensive on themselves, they would resemble that mishapen clay (*Prometheus* us'd) before it was inform'd and animated; they have no beauty but what we please either out of poetry or complement to give 'um, these dim *Cynthias* would be very obscure if they borrow'd not that light they have from the Sun of mens favour.

Entrapel. O *Pege*, do not say they have no beauty, tis high treason, for I have a Lady in chafe; of that Royal beauty, that in her cheeks the *White* and *Red Roses* of *Tork* and *Lancaster*, and *Lilies* of *France* are combin'd, I prithee then let not thy sharp and thorny words be felt among these *Roses*.

Pege. Suppose *Entrapetus* we should be so civil, and ingenious as to grant them beautiful, yet we may by experience see, that their beauty is like a much desired banquet, which is no sooner tasted, but its delicious luxury is swallow'd up by oblivion: besides, there's no conformation of linements, no composition of features, no symmetry of parts so well compacted in a woman, but a judicious eye may perceive some imperfection: fair *Helena* when in a Looking-glass she saw her own deformity, was forc'd to weep: pale *Cynthia* has her Spots, and *Venus* her Moles and Warts.

Entrapel. Because fair Ladies have their spots,
Are they less beautiful? those beauty spots,
Will set 'um off with the more glorious Lustre; But here comes
Aphobos smiling. What makes you look so merrily about the guils
Aphobos? You are very pleasant me thinks.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 5.

Enter Aphobos.

Aphob. I Have had a miraculous deliverance lately, and have reason to rejoyce at it, I can't but smile how I cheated the President with *Pege's* gown.

Eng. Jun. T'was well thou scapedst his clutches, for hadst thou own'd the gown, he would have made thee ride (like *Bacchus*) on a barrel, and made you show your fat cheeks; hee'd have made you a *Montelions* dial, and look'e on your backside, what a Clock it was when your gown was found,

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and

The Poor Scholar.

and (like the Sun on a Dial) hee'd have dwelt upon't a whole day, and soundly heated it. *Aphob.* But I thank my good fortune, my actions did not come so much to light, and shine so clear, as to let him look what 'twas a Clock in my Postern Dial.

Eutrapel. I beleeve had you been taken *Aphobos*, your clock would have struck above once an hour; the President would have laid about him couragiously; hee'd have struck you every minute, and made use of his time.

Aphob. Yet he could not have taken time by the forelock whilst he was on my backside; time's bald behind.

Eutrapel. I, but (like *Musicians*) he might have kept time with his hands. *Aphob.* That would have been very unpleasant Musick to my senses; 'twould have made me squeek like the small strings of a Treble Viol.

Emg. Jun. Eutrapelius, if you intend to see my sister, retire quickly, lest she be gone abroad upon a visit; my business calls me away.

Eutrap. I'll use the greatest speed I can to meet with her. *Exit.*

Pege. If you go to your wenches, I'll to my study; I shall at last reap the greatest benefit. *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SCENE 6.

Manet Aphobos: Enter Anaiskuntia.

Aphob. I'M glad they're gone, for here's my *Anaiskuntia*; how does my dearest soul?

Who holds all my affections as fast

He hugs her

Hast, Tast, Cast, Last, Wast

and kisses her.

As I do her about the slender wast.

Anaisk. Take heed fir, you'll loose presently your sense in this great crowd of words.

Aphob. Never fear it sweeting; Thou'lt see my sense and all my words, Stick close together as Cheese-curds.

Anaisk. Where's the cream o'th' yeast there?

Aphob. It lies in the milky way betwixt those pleasant fontinels, your breasts. *Anaisk.* What? Then your turn'd child? and must be suck'd with breast-milk?

Aphob. I could hang upon those snowy Alpes to eternity: if those were the two top *Parnassus*, Poets speak off, I'd turn a drol-ling.

ing Poet, and court thee in Rhym that I might lie and sleep there.

Annik. Come, let me hear how you'd Rhym?

Aphob. As oft as at your breasts I nibble,
Methinks I am grown big with quibble;
Here Heaven must be, for most do say,
That there's in Heaven a milky way.

Annik. Well *Aphobus*. I'm in haste now, and must be gone, but
I'll assure you, that if ever I marry any, you are the man de-
signed by me. *Exit.*

Aphob. I've hopes enough now to enjoy her: well, I'll go and
contrive how to effect this business with secrecy and security. *Exit.*

Fine Actus tertio.

ACT. 4. SCENE I.

Philos, Eugenius Senior.

Philos. **T**Is true, I once resolved to conceal yong *Eugenius's* ram-
bles from his Uncle, but now they are so frequently
Echo'd and nois'd abroad, I cannot, dare not do it: should I cloud
'um in obscurity for a time, they would (like thunder-bolts too
long Imprison'd in a cloud) break forth with more impetuous vio-
lence; I therefore am resolv'd t'unload my breast, and make old
Eugenius bear his share o'th' news of's Nephews viciousness: and
here he comes most opportunely for it: *Enter Eugen. Senior.*
Your servant Mr. President

I have a fresh supply of news concerning your wild Nephew;
His vices now are grown so great and loud,
That secrecy can them no longer cloud,

Eug. sen. Why *Philos*? What vices has Fame of late proclaim'd
him guilty of.

Philos. Before, she onely in general declar'd him a notorious
Rambler, but now descends to particulars, and dilates her self
more largely on his actions; she reports that hee's a continual vi-
siter of *Morphe*, who, though a Gentlewoman, yet of mean fortunes;
besides, her maid is noted for a light and wanton slut, she is a com-
mon Hackney; and may be hir'd at the same rate as Hackney
Horses are; Twelve pence a side makes her y ur own: for that
price a man may up, and ride her; She (like the Roman Curti-

zan *Sempronia*) If men refuse to Court her, will not abstain from Courting them : shee's somewhat fair indeed ; but though this beautiful Cyren have a womans face, shee ends i'th Serpents Tail ; stings to the purpose. Though this unsatiable Harpy has a Virgins face, yet has she cruel Talons too under her wings : shee's one, whom neither *Argus* with his hundred eyes, nor brazen walls, nor the most vigilant Guards, can e're secure from her incontinency : she tricks her self up with such variety of gauderies, as if she expos'd her body as a bait to bring the devil to her lure, and tempt the very Tempter to embrace her.

Eug. Sen. My blood is curdl'd at this dismal news ; the Rascal will be here presently, to fetch some Books I promis'd to lend him : he thinks he makes a long and tedious stay. O, here he comes.

ACT. 4 SCENE 2.

Enter Eugenius Junier.

Eugen. Jun. I'me come to wait upon you, Sir, to fetch those Books you promis'd to lend me.

Eugen. Sen. Books ! What Books I pray, would you have ? *Ovids Amorum*, or *De Arte Amandi* : there I believe lies the summe of your Studies, or in some other obscene *Drollist*, as *Martials Bawdy Epigrams*, *Propertius's Effeminate strains*, or *Petronius Arbiter's Whoreing Verses*.

Eug. Jun. I am amaz'd at this discourse : whither it tends, I can't conjecture : to me it is a Riddle.

Eug. Sen. If it be (though I'me sure tis not) I believe your own Conscience is a sufficient *Oedipus* to unriddle it.

Eug. Jun. My own Conscience ! My Conscience is asuncapable of wracking gripes and fears, as heaven it self ; it never yet was guilty of any foul enormity ; and therefore can't be the Receptacle of Panick fears. *Eug. Sen.* I see your impudence is so strong and daring, that of your self you'l confess nothing : Pri'thee *Philos* Ile go into the Town, and fetch my Brother, and then I'll vent my thoughts more freely.

Philos. Ile go with winged speed.

Exit.

Eug. Jun. Tis not a Fathers presence can affright my pure and virgīn

virgin-innocency.

Eug. Sen. Well, Sirrah, I have not patience to contain my self: I must unbutton my breast to you, and tell you all. You are, I hear, a constant visitant of one *Morphe*, a person of low Fortunes; and, if you do't pretend Courtship to her, I fear you'r guilty of a worse crime, and are too well acquainted with that Whore her Maid.

Eug. Jun. As for her Maid, I ever scorn'd her as a base, abject, inferior wench; but for her Mistress, the fair and virtuous *Morphe*, I have Altars, and Temples in my heart, erected for her merits: her! I do, I will, maugre both men and devils, love.

Eug. Sen. Well, Sir, we'l cool your courage, as hot as you are—here's your father, with *Philos*; I'll tell him all.

ACT. 4. SCENE 3.

Enter Philos, and Eugen. Juniors Father.

Philos. I've brought your Brother, Sir. *Eug. Sen.* I thank you Sir; but yet could wish his coming might be welcom'd with better news: I shall disturb, and discompose his thoughts with a Narration of his sons debaucheries.

Eug. Jun. Father. Speak quickly, Brother, lest by your too long silence, I be induc'd to think his vices are beyond expression, and fancy him a worse Monster, then you'l (it may be) represent him to me: I'me already perswaded, that he's a burden to the earth he treads on: Wracks, I believe, and Halters cannot extort more from him, then's guilty Conscience; he being conscious to himself, that were his close breast glaz'd and pellucid, (according unto *Momuses* desire) twould be a poor and idle sin, of which it had not been a Receptacle. He looks like one surpriz'd in a shameful act of Lust, or Theft: he knows not what to say, or think, or do: his Spirits huddle confusedly together, and would go somewhither, but know n't where; do something, but they know not what: were he to be arraigned before a Judge, his countenance would prove his Executioner, and hang him. O! that I should e're give birth to so Prodigious a Rogue, who's forfeited so far to vice, as that no vertue can redeem him; his heart, when tis besieged by a temptation, though ne're so small, (like *Rome* when t'was besieg'd) is alwaies taken.

Eug.

The Poor Scholar.

Eug. Jun. Sure, Sir, I could never be such a Monster as you represent me, unless some of your vices were entail'd upon me; because you (by uncharitableness) have forgot you are my father, I must forget that I'me your son, and speak my minde more plainly.

Eug. Sen. Nay, now I see he's arriv'd to the height of wickedness; he that forgets his duty to a father, will not start back from the commission of the most horrid crime: he'll swallow smaller Gnats, that does not boggle at a greater matter: his nature's so inur'd to wickedness, that (like poisons to some bodies which are accustom'd to 'um) it does become his food and nourishment.

Eug. Jun. Fath. I beseech you, Brother, send for his Tutor, that we may all consult how to restrain his wickedness.

Eug. Sen. Let me intreat you, *Philos.*, to accept of the trouble of fetching *Demosthenes*; his chamber is not far: desire him to vouchsafe us his presence here

Philos. I shall be proud to serve you, Sir.
But when I'me out, I'll come no more.

*Exit.
aside.*

Eug. Jun. Fath. Me thinks, Sir, that the sense of your vices should make you tap your eyes, and drop a tear or two, which (as *Mercury* water does a Rock) might dissolve your hard, your rocky heart, into a penitent confession of your faults: But when of sinning we have lost a sense, We must expect final impenitence.

Eug. Sen. 'Tis very true, Brother; the villain is hardned in's wickedness; he assumes confidence from his crimes, and (like your common prostitutes) sinning's become his trade, hee's not ashamed to glory of his shame, but his Tutor is come now, he shall hear all; I made bold to trouble you *Demosthenes*; here's a Pupil of yours has miscarry'd, and I fear, lost for ever.

A C T. 4. S C E N E 4.

Enter Demosthenes.

Demosth. **L**ost for ever? I'm almost lost in admiration at this fatal news, I pray deliver me of that Timpany of expectation to hear his vices, with which I'm big.

Eug. Sen. He has commenc'd an acquaintance with that beggarly gentlewoman call'd *Morphe*, who though she has a little skindeep beauty, yet shee's desperately poor and indigent, her beauties colours,

The Poor Scholar.

lours, like those in the Rainbow, passage a barrenness of Rain, no golden showres can come from her; she may (it may be) like the Sun in the warm Summer, guild and refresh him with some few golden rayes, but they're so few and small, that in the Winter of adversity, they'll be all spent and quite exhausted; her estate (I fear) like *Tholosanus's* gold, will ruine and undo those that enjoy it; tis too small to last long.

Demosth. I thought yong *Eugenes*, I had sufficiently Catechis'd you about these idle courses; will you never wear your virile gown, and be a man? Is this a fit qualification for a student in *Philosophy*, to be a visitant of wenches? If you would exercise your courtship, do it on that excellent Lady, *Philosophy*? she is not coy, but with expanded hands, and open arms will entertain you: her discourses are not (like other Lady's) onely frothy and pleasing, but profitable too; she's a fit object for your love.

Eug. Jun. Sir, your so tender, and father-like expressions have melted my before congealed senses into tears, weeps. which all their Winter storms of taunting words, would but have made the harder, but yet (to your and my own grief) I plainly must acknowledge that I respect, and highly honor, and (which is more) entirely love that exquisite piece of beauty, *Morphe*; in whom nature has out-work't her self, and far transcended her own Idea's; she can't be paralleld by any art, much less by nature: she'd baffle Painters to decypher her exactly, as bad as *Agues* puzzle Doctors; and you must know, that your restraining me from her company will prove as fatal to me, as letting blood does usually to those that are affected with th' small pox, or as th' small pox to a fair face: I love her, and though I loose my fortune, nay, my life for't, I will have her.

Demosth. Consider, *Eugenes*, that *Cupid's* blinde, and be not so imprudent as to follow a blinde guide. Show your self a Philosopher: and get the mastery over that fond Passion, Love.

Eug. Jun. Love can't be master'd, Sir:
As soon as mastery comes, sweet Love anon
Takerh his nimble wings, and soon is gone.

Demosth. Whip that fond Boy, *Cupid*, and that will make him, like a little child, run away from you: then indeed, he'll take's wings, and be gone.

Eug.

The Poor Scholar.

Eug. Jun. Sir, he is arm'd with arrows, and for each blow, he'll wound me to the heart, as he has done already.

Eug. Jun. Fath. Well, Sir, if you won't hearken to your Tutor's safe advice, know, that before this company, I declare you disinherited, and leave you heir to no more than twelve pence of my estate: and so farewell.

Exit.

Eug. Sen. And that I may be no small assistant in reclaiming you from your lewd courses, I'll command your chamber door key to be brought to me, your door to be double lock't: your chamber shall serve you both for Banqueting house, and Bog-house; Parlour, and Privy-house. You shall be fed like a Caged Bird: your victuals shall be given you through Grates, and thus I'll leave you: come let us go *Demosthenes.*

Exeunt both.

ACT. 4. SCENE 5.

Eugenia, Uperephania, Entrapelus.

Upereph. **W**ELL, Madam, be advis'd by me, ne're marry if you're wise: these men (when once marry'd) are alwaies licking their wives lips, and by too frequent breathing on those Red Roses, make 'um at last as blew as their own noses in a winter morning. Consider, That for a few drams of Bestial pleasure, you must be wrack't to a confession that you have been at your sport, by the untollerable Pangs of Child-bed: your body, will once in nine months, be unjoynted, after you have been glu'd unto a man: these men (like Tinkers) will stop up one Hole in us, but make three for't, by weakening our bodies: they'll go abroad and drink o'th bell, and vex their wives at home, till they are drunk with their own tears. We women are the ships in which men sail i'th Ocean of this world; they'll leap into us willingly at first, and come aboard, but when we leak, by reason of th' infirmities of age, they'll let us sink and perish, and leap as fast out of us as we're trust, 'um Mistriss.

Eugen. You want my brother again to rattle you for these in-vectives against marriage, pray hold your tongue.

Upereph. Well Madam, I am silent, and tis high time, for *Entrapelus* is coming.

Enter Entrapelus.

Entrapel. I hope now noble Madam, I have a licence to plead again

The Poor Scholar.

gain in *Cupid's Court*, which lately you adjourn'd: 'tis not the long vacation yet; let me request you therefore Madam to end my suit; let it not last as long, as Law suites do in Chancery; one word of yours, whereby I may be well assur'd of your affection, will set me out of miseries reach, I shall be more invulnerable then Achilles, for he was wounded in the heel; but I shall be arm'd *Cap a Pée* against all danger with one word of encouragement from you.

Eugenia. What power I have over my self, I willingly resign to you *Eutrapelum*, but yet there wants the main wheele to put your designs in motion, I mean my fathers consent; and he has resolv'd to keep me in my Virgin state these two years: How shall I extricate my self from these great difficulties?

Eutrapelum. Go but along with me and I'll secure you: I'll tell you what to do. *Eugenia.* Well, I'll commit my self unto your trust.

Exeunt both.

ACT. 4. SCENE 6.

Enter Aphobus, Anaiskuntia.

Aphob. Come my *Anaiskuntia*, when shall we make a conjunction Copulative? What will't always be nibbling at my fleshly Bait, and never take it in?

Anaisk. Your hook appears too much, Sir, to make me tast the Bait; I'm afraid you come upon the catch, onely to try whether I'll bite or no; and if I do, you'll onely tear open my mouth, make it bleed, and then leave me.

Aphob. Leave thee? give me but thy consent, And I'll stick so close to thee, that every one That see's us, shall swear we are but one; Leave thee, Leave thee, I'll not leave thee, *he sings.* O how loth am I to leave thee!

Anaisk. I scarce know how to trust you, you men are so accustomed to make your thoughts strangers unto your words.

Aphob. Not how to trust me! Why, I'll give thee earnest my girl, I'll make the cock sure. *brkisses her*

Anaisk. Come, stay your stomach a little with that kiss, you'll fall too the more heartily presently for it: as soon as the Priest has coupl'd us, do your best and worst.

G

Aphob.

The Poor Laborer.

Apob. Well, my *Anaiskuntia*, accompany me to my chamber, and wee'l contrive the business there, there's another couple will be Married with us.

Exeunt both.

Fine Alus Quart.

ACT. 5. SCENE 1.

Eugenes Junior solus.

Eug. J. **W**hat would they have made me live immur'd, and
cag'd up in my chamber? This was (like a Nun
that has had a Clap) to be buried alive in a Coffin of a larger
Volume, must I have walkt up and down in my Chamber like
a pale Ghost, and (as't were be Magick Charmes) be limited
and confin'd to walk no further? I'll make 'um know, that it
would prove as easie, to manacle Omnipotence, or confine a
Spirit, as me, although I could not, like *Dadalus*, make me wings, and
take my flight out of my cage, yet I could file a Bar, and break my
passage out o'th' chamber window; they should not have left me an
eye of light, had they intended to secure my person, I can creep
through a window, eat Iron Bars thorough like *Aquas fortis*, break
through the gaping jaws of danger, for to obtain the sight of my
dear *Morphe*; had they dispersed serpents teeth, and sown 'um in
my way, and (*Cadmus* like) made them to spring up armed men,
I'd have encounter'd with 'um all; my breast already is too much
possess'd with Love, to harbour slavish fear; I'll presently post to
Morphe, and give her the relation of all my travels, but whilst I
talk, methinks I see my glorious Sin appear, she comes and shines
upon me sweetly, her countenance wears a lovely smile; What
makes the fairest *Morphe* so neatly dress her countenance into a
smile? May I presume to know the cause?

Enter Morphe.

ACT. 5. SCENE 2.

Morphe. **T**wo things there were that mov'd my laughter, first
to see you, who (as I heard) were kept close prisoner
in your Chamber, secondly, that I have lost (the pretious jewel)
my maid, some body has robb'd me of her, much good may't do
'um.

The Poor Scholar.

um. Eng. jun. Madam, you have sufficient grounds of smiling, but as smiling is but a Prologue to perfect laughter, so courtship is to Marriage joyes, let me desire you therefore to make me leave off all vain Prologues, and fall to 'th' sport, and let me act Marriages merry Comedy with you; Ladies act Plays sometimes as well as men. *Morphe.* But I'm afraid (my dearest *Eugenes*,) (for now that Epithete thou dost deserve) our Comedy will prove a Tragedy to you, 'ith' Epilogue:

Eng. Jun. Never fear it Madam, but if it do, my straines (like those in Tragedies) shall be high and lofty, I'll not cringe to the best of 'um all, but talk as high as they, till at last, it prove but a Tragi-Comedy at most, beginning in sadness and ending in mirth.

Morphe. Well; my *Eugenes*, thy constancy has overcome me, I'm now your own; but who shall marry us?

Eng. Jun. Why thus, my uncle you know is a Clergy-man, we'll go to him in a disguise, and make him marry us, then, we'll laugh at him, and vex him as much as he has done us.

Morphe. Let's go then and accoustre our selves accordingly,
The world shall know that 'tis a thing above,
All human Pow'r to over master Love.

Exeunt.

ACT. 5. SCENE 3.

Eug. sen. Eug. juniors father, Demosthenes.

Eug. sen. **D***emosthenes*, how does your Pupil resent his confinement? You hear nothing of's repining at it, do you?

Demostb. Not a word, but I fear 'twil make him more desperate and resolute, his nature will never brook it.

Eug. jun. father. You are too tender of him *Demosthenes*, he must be curb'd and bridl'd in, if ever you intend he should be stopt i'th' full career of his debauchery. *Demostb.* But sir, some horses the more you curb 'um in, will run the faster.

Eug. Juniors father. Sir, he's a rebellious Son, and (like Rebels) must undergo a sharp confinement, before hee'll be reduc'd to's due obedience.

Eug. sen. You say true brother, he must have his wings clipt, and be coop'd up, if ever you expect to tame him.

Enter Morphe Eugenes Jun. in rustick habits.

Who is't you'd speak with good people? What's your pleasure?

The Poor Scholar.

Eug. J. We come an't please your Vorship to be Morried, I con love this fine lass, and zhe provesles, zhe con do zo to me; wil you zir, be pleas'd to yoke us together.

Demosth. These are right countrey Bump-kins: they talk in a broad language, much like the *Dorick* Dialect in Greek: they don't clip their words; but give large *London* measure in their talk: enough for money.

Eug. Sen. What's your name, I pray, honest man?

Eug. Jun. I am cleped, Sir, *Villip Lovelass*.

Eug. Sen. And do you love this lais?

Eug. Jun. I, by my vaith Sir, do I.

Eug. Sen. What's your name, fair Maid?

Morph. My name is *Mary Allcock*, an't please your worship.

Eug. Sen. That's a fit name for a Maid that's to be Married: here's a couple will make a *Philip* and *Mary* coyn.

But who have we here?

Come hither Sir, come hither: What have you under your Gown?

as they talk, Aphobos passeth over the Stage with Anaiskuntia under his Gown, and her legges (in sight.

Aphob. A Saddle, an't please you, which I borrow'd to ride out of Town on.

Eug. Sen. A Saddle, Sir!

And these are the Sirrups, are they?

Demosth. Sirrah, What? must you be riding upon a Flesh Saddle? Are these fit courses for a Scholar?

Aphobos sets down Well, get you to your Chamber, *(the wench, and she slips away.*

To morrow we'll take a course with you. **Exit Aphob.**

Eug. Sen. But d'y' hear Maiden, can you love this man?

Morph. Yes forzooth can I, and none body else.

Eug. Sen. aside. Tis a pretty Peat, to do the Feat; she heats my marrow: methinks I could be young again, that I might enjoy her.

Demosth. You'd best marry 'um quickly, Mr. President, I believe they're impatient of delay.

Eug. Sen. Well Gentlemen, accompany me to our Chappel to th'marrying these people.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. 5. SCENE 4.

Aphobos, Anaiskuntia.

Aphob. These women are alwaies wilful; she would not put on the clothes I prepared for her; but tis no matter, we were married before they took us: they can't spoil our sport.

NOW:

The Poor Schollari

now : my name too is cut out o'th' Colledge butteries; and I have now no title to the honour of mounting a Barrel : but I wonder my *Anaiskuntia* states thus long : sure she is drest in her mans apparel by this time.

he's silent, and looks about the

What, no appearance yet? 'tis strange!

(Stage a good while.

O, now she's come.

Enter Anaiskuntia in a Scholars habit.

Anaisk. I can't endure to wear mens clothes thus, methinks tis ugly to see a woman wear the Breeches.

Aphob. I wonder

whether *Eugeneia* and *Entrapelus* are married yet or no, they should be by this time, or else the Parson made not so quick dispatch with 'um as he did with us; nay, now I conclude they're married, for here they come.

Enter Entrapelus with Eugeneia in a

How like you marriage joys *Entrapelus*?

(Scholars habit.

Entrap. O, they're an Antepast of Heaven : *Mahomet* I see was no fool, for making his paradise a place for the fruition of Genial pleasures; He knew what it was to be truly happy : But don't our wives look like fine smooth-fac'd Lads in this man-like habit? I wonder *Jupiter* comes not from Heaven to make one of 'um his Cup-bearer, as he did *Ganymed*? come, lets sing a little.

They all sing. *Come let us sing the time invites, our joys are now come— All oppositions are blasted and defeated.*

(pleated,

Come let us kiss, my spirit's high, and fain would be in action,

Now we will laugh, and those despo, in Love who breed a Faction;

We will not fear an ill-look'd Dean, nor mirth-disturbing Proctor,

We'll now carouze, and sing and bouze, before the gravest Doctor.

ACT. 5. SCENE 5.

Whilest they are singing, enter Eugene senior, Demosthenes, Eugene juniors Father.

Eug. sen. **W**HAT? are you all mad, you make such a disturbance in the Colledge? as for you two *Entrapelus* and *Aphobos*, we know you for notorious Rogues, but these two pretty young lads, I believe were seduc't by you. *pointing to the women.*

Eugeneia. Yes Sir, we were led hither by 'um.

Eug. sen. Well, go your ways for this time, *Exeunt Eugeneia, Anaiskuntia.*

As for your part *Aphobos*, you were catcht lately with a wench, and

The Plain Scholar.

and one (who by report) was light enough either for you to bear her, or her to bear you: she's in plain termes a common whore, and not fit company for a Student.

Aphob. Sir, either give her a better Character, or I'll give her one written in your warmest blood; she is my lawful wife, and he that blemishes her reputation with the smallest scandal, I'll rip him up alive, and sacrifice him to her honour, which ever was un-
Entrap. The other also was my wife,

although invested in a Scholastick habit. *Eug. Sen.* If you are married, you've forfeited your places.

Aphob. It is confess, we have; nor do we now desire to keep 'um longer: our names are out o'th Butteries, and our persons out of your dominions.

Eug. Jun. Fath. Here's mad doings: but (I believe) my sons too fast for ever getting out to marry. *Eug. Sen.* But tell me true,

were those your wives? *Entrap.* They were Sir, and here they are again in their own

habit and attire. *Enter Eugeneia and Anaistun-
 (tia in loose morning gowns.*

Eug. Sen. I wish you joy then, O my Neece, *he turns to*
 are you married too? You're well provided for *(Eugeneia.*

in having marri'd *Entrapulus.* *Eug. Jun. Fath.* Well, 'twas

happy that my son was kept close prisoner; although my daughter has broke loose, he, I believe, is far from *whilest he speaks,*

thoughts of marriage: *(enter Eug. Jun. leading Morphe.*

Oh! what a sad object do my eyes behold? I'de rather have been depriv'd o'th' light, then e're have seen this sight: How now, sir? How broke you loose, and got that wench?

ACT. 5. SCENE 6.

Eug. Jun.

I Got her, Sir, by my Unckles means.

Eug. Sen. How, Sirrah! by my means? I never saw her in my life before; and would sooner have seen you both hang'd together: What? D'you make me your Pimp?

Eug. Jun. Nay, Sir, we're hang'd together so fast, that there's no cutting the rope now. Marriage can't be dissolved until death.

Eug. Jun. Fath. What wicked wretch was't marri'd you?

Eug. Jun. My Unckle, Sir.

Eug. Sen. Tis a notorious lye;

The Poor Scholar.

I never saw this woman before. *Morph.* Yes, Sir; but you have: I was the *Mary Allcock* you married.

Eug. Jun. And I the *Philip Lovelass*, whom you ask whether I could love this *Lass* or no, and then married us.

Eug. Jun. Fath. Well, Brother, I see now we're outwitted, and that young people may see more with their eyes in their heads, than old men with their eyes hanging at their girdle. We'll go in now, and seeing they are married, prepare a feast for 'um: I have a living at my disposal that I'll bequeath to *Aphobos*, because he's poor: And as for you, *Eugenes*, because you have contriv'd your Plot so well, I declare you my sole Heir: I'll not vex my self in vain.

To vex when mischiefs are quite past and gone,
Is the next way to bring more mischiefs on.

Finis Actus quinti.

Epilogue to the Spectators.

Eug. Jun.

BEfore you all, my Father does declare,
That he intends me for his lawful Heir.
My Poverty henceforth I'll not bewail,
For now I may, Top and Top gallant sail
In th' Ocean of his wealth; nor will I fear
The Shipwrack of my Fortunes, whilst I steer
My course, so you, like th' *Laplanders*, will sell
A Gale of your Applause, my Sails to swell.

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